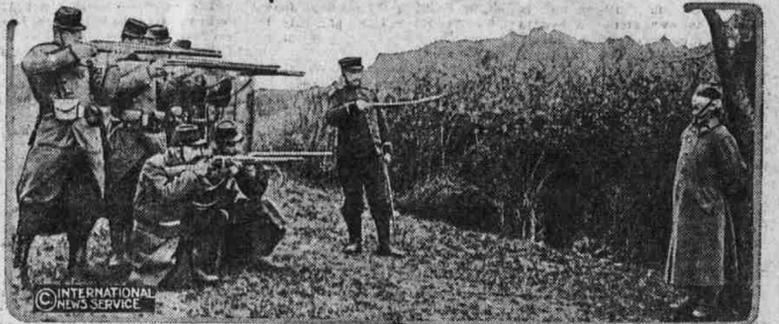


FRENCH SAPPERS BUILDING NEW RAILWAY



In three weeks the French engineering corps completed a one-track railway line running from Versailles to Compiègne so that troops can be transported to the front without passing through Paris. The road runs through the woods of Empress Josephine's Malmaison estate.

FRENCH TROOPS EXECUTING A PILLAGER



FEEDING A BIG BRITISH GUN



Feeding the shells into a British gun in a well-concealed position. The man at the left is adjusting the time fuse on a shell.

INNOCENT VICTIM OF WAR



Little Denise Cartier at a bazaar in Paris selling goods for the benefit of the wounded. Her left leg was blown off by a bomb from a German Taube and she has been provided with an artificial leg.

AIDS RELATIVES OF WOUNDED

British Red Cross Pays Transportation to Battle Front of One Member of Family.

London.—The British Red Cross has extended its activity to the financing of trips to the front for relatives of men lying seriously wounded in field or advance base hospitals. For the present, the privilege is restricted to one relative for each patient and the seriousness of the patient's case must be properly certified by the army medical corps.

Antiscorbutic Food for Allies.

A movement has been started in England for supplying the allied forces with antiscorbutic food. A vegetable products committee has been formed, with Lord Charles Beresford as president, for the purpose of collecting and delivering fresh fruit and vegetables, jams, preserves, etc., and supplying them to army camps and stations, to warships and hospitals. Two thousand cases have already been dispatched to the North sea.

Suspicious.

Madge—What makes you think he has been in love before?
Marjorie—I'm sure of it, my dear. He can put his arm about a girl's waist and hug her around the neck without getting a pin stuck in him—Judge.

Motorcycles on Runners.

Motorcycles equipped with ordinary rubber tires may be run through the snow when it is only a few inches deep, but it cannot be successfully done when the snow is deep. An inventive genius of Galt, Ontario, has hit on a novel scheme for overcoming the various difficulties and enjoying cycling even when heavy mantles of snow cover the ground. He removed the rubber tires from the front wheel of the machine and the wheel of the side car attached to it, bolting to the wheels in their stead runners shaped to receive and hold the rims. The runner attached to the front wheel breaks a track, in which the rear wheel with its rubber tire can run and drive the vehicle effectively. A machine equipped in this manner has been driven through a foot of snow without the least trouble. The same idea has been applied to trucks when it is necessary to use them in deep snow. Runners, which may be readily attached or detached are used on all but the drive wheels and materially reduced the work of the motor.

A Diplomatic Answer.

Waverly—Penelope is a natural diplomat.
Marcella—Indeed?
Yes. She showed it when her new beau asked her if she played the piano.
"What did she say?"
"She didn't know whether he liked music or not, so she simply replied: "Oh, not to excess."

GERMANY'S FLAG AT ANTWERP



Hoisting the German flag on Fort Stabroek at Antwerp.

never contained more than thirty-eight workers at a time, many of whom worked only a few hours a day. Commenting on this Dr. Richard C. Cabot says: "When Doctor Hall joined his squad of neurostenics to the ranks of the industrial army he added his contribution not only to therapeutics, but to sociology. He attacked the problem of the sub-standard worker—handicapped in the race of industry, but not necessarily excluded from that inspiring company. He attacked a problem which faces all who deal with the consumptive, the alcoholic, the chronic insane and in fact all chronic invalids, no matter what their disease. Rich or poor, they all need work, for without it they degenerate mentally and morally."

Lawyer's Versatility.

It seems that a lawyer is something of a carpenter. He can file a bill, split a hair, chop logic, dovetail an argument, make an entry, get up a case, frame an indictment, suppress a jury, put them in a box, core a court, chisel a client, and other like things.

as in the old days, when witnesses covered under his eye and voice. "Say that you knew, madam; that you planned this unholy trap for my son." "Judge Ostrander, I did not plan their meeting, nor did I at first encourage his address. Not till I saw the extent of their mutual attachment did I yield to the event and accept the consequences. But I was wrong, wholly wrong to allow him to visit her a second time; but now that the mischief is done—

Judge Ostrander was not listening. "I have a question to put you," said he, when he realized that she had ceased speaking. "Oliver was never a fool. When he was told who your daughter was what did he say of the coincidence which made him the lover of the woman against whose father his father had uttered sentences of death? Didn't he marvel and call it extraordinary—the work of the devil?" "Possibly; but if he did it was not in any conversation he had with me."

"And your daughter? Was he close-mouthed in speaking of me to her as he was to you?" "I have no doubt of it. Reuther betrays no knowledge of you or of your habits, and has never expressed but one curiosity in your regard. As you can imagine what that is, I will not mention it."

"You are at liberty to. I have listened, so much and can well listen to a little more."

"Judge, she is of a very affectionate nature, and her appreciation of your son's virtues is very great. Though her conception of yourself is naturally



"I Can Well Listen to a Little More."

a very vague one, it is only to be expected that she should wonder how you could live so long without a visit from Oliver."

His lips took a strange twist. There was self-contempt in it, and some other very peculiar and contradictory emotion. But when this semblance of a smile had passed it was no longer Oliver's father she saw before her, but the county's judge. Even his tone partook of the change as he dryly remarked:

"What you have told me concerning your daughter and my son is very interesting. But it was not for the simple purpose of informing me that this untoward engagement was at an end that you came to Shelby. You have another purpose. What is it? I can remain with you just five minutes longer."

Five minutes! It only takes one to kill a hope, but five are far too few for the reconstruction of one. But she gave no sign of her secret doubts, as she plunged at once into her subject.

"I will be brief," said she; "as brief as any mother can be who is pleading for her daughter's life as well as happiness. Reuther has no real ailment, but her constitution is abnormally weak, and she will die of this grief if some miracle does not save her. Strong as her will is, determined as she is to do her duty at all cost, she has very little physical stamina. See here is her photograph, taken but a short time ago. Look at it, I beg. See what she was like when life was full of hope; and then imagine her with all hope eliminated."

"Excuse me. What use? I can do nothing. I am very sorry for the child, but—" His very attitude showed his disinclination to look at the picture. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Population of India.

The population of British India is given as 231,085,132. The figures are for some ten years ago, and it would not be far out of the way to put the present population at 235,000,000. One of the Indian princes recently declared that if called upon India could furnish an army of between seven and ten millions of men.

CURE FOR NERVOUS PEOPLE

Physicians Have Found Work to Be as Effective as Rest, if Not More So.

Some physicians are finding that work is quite as effective a cure for nervous disorders as rest ever was—if not more so. How one doctor is proving this is told in the Survey. He is Dr. Herbert J. Hall of Marblehead, Mass.

Doctor Hall discovered that the patient must feel "the call of the job" if a cure is to be effected. So in 1895 he established a workshop in Marblehead wherein patients, supervised and taught by experts, are now making articles that are saleable and are getting wages for their products. Weaving, cement work, drying and pottery have been the most successful trades. Jewelry and metal work have proved too trying for untrained and unhappy patients to carry through and sell profitably. But in the other branches about seven thousand dollars' worth of merchandise has been made and sold each year, although the workshop has

as he met her eyes through this disguising gauze. "This is very good of you, Judge Ostrander," she remarked, in a voice both cultured and pleasant. "I could hardly have hoped for this honor. Such consideration shown to a stranger argues a spirit of unusual kindness. Or perhaps I am mistaken in my supposition. Perhaps I am no stranger to you? Perhaps you know my name?" "Averill? No."

She paused, showing her disappointment quite openly. Then drawing up a chair she leaned heavily on its back, saying in low, monotonous tones from which the former eager thrill had departed:

"I see that the intended marriage of your son has made very little impression upon you."

Aghast for the moment, this was such a different topic from the one he expected the judge regarded her in silence before remarking:

"I have known nothing of it. My son's concerns are no longer mine. If you have broken into my course of life for no other purpose than to discuss the affairs of Oliver Ostrander, I must beg of you to excuse me. I have nothing to say in his connection to you or to anyone."

"Is the breach between you so deep as that? I entreat—but no, you are a just man; I will rely upon your sense of right. If your son's happiness fails to appeal to you, let that of a young and innocent girl, lovely as few are lovely, either in body or mind."

"Yourself, madam?" "No, my daughter! Oliver Ostrander has done us that honor, sir. He had every wish and had made every preparation to marry my child, when— Shall I go on?"

"You may."

It was shortly said, but a burden seemed to fall from her shoulders at its utterance. Her whole graceful form relaxed swiftly into its natural curves, and an atmosphere of charm from this moment enveloped her, which justified the description of Mrs. Yardley, even without a sight of the features she still kept hidden.

"I am a widow, sir." Thus she began with studied simplicity. "With my one child I have been living in Detroit these many years—ever since my husband's death, in fact. We are not unlike there, nor have we lacked respect. When some six months ago your son, who stands high in every one's regard, as befits his parentage and his varied talents, met my daughter and fell seriously in love with her, no one, so far as I know, criticized his taste or found fault with his choice. I thought my child safe. And she was safe, to all appearance, up to the very morning of her marriage—the marriage of which you say you had received no intimation though Oliver seems a very dutiful son."

"Madam!—The hoarseness of his tone possibly increased its peremptory character—I really must ask you to lay aside your veil."

It was a rebuke and she felt it to be so; but though she blushed from behind her veil, she did not remove it.

"Pardon me," she begged, and very humbly, "but I cannot yet. Let me reveal my secret first. Judge Ostrander, the name under which I had lived in Detroit was not my real one. I had let him court and all but marry my daughter, without warning him in any way of what this deception on my part covered. But others—one other, I have reason now to believe—had detected my identity under the altered circumstances of my new life, and surprised him with the news at that late hour. We are—Judge Ostrander, you know who we are. This is not the first time you and I have seen each other face to face." And, lifting up a hand, trembling with emotion, she put aside her veil.

"You recognize me?" "Too well." The tone was deep with meaning, but there was no accusation in it; nor was there any note of relief. It was more as if some hope deeply, and perhaps unconsciously cherished, had suffered a sudden and complete extinction. "Put back your veil!" Trembling, she complied, murmuring as she fumbled with its folds: "Disgrace to an Ostrander! I know that I was mad to risk it for a moment. Forgive me for the attempt, and listen to my errand. Oliver was willing to marry my child, even after he knew the shame it would entail. But Reuther would not accept the sacrifice. Judge Ostrander, I am not worthy of such a child, but such she is. If John—"

"We will not speak his name," broke in Judge Ostrander, assuming a peremptory bearing quite unlike his former one of dignified reserve. "I should like to hear, instead, your explanation of how my son became involved into an engagement of which you, if no one else, knew the preposterous nature."

"Judge Ostrander, you do right to blame me. I should never have given my consent, never. But I thought our past so completely hidden—our identity so entirely lost under the accepted name of Averill."

"You thought!" He lowered over her in his anger. He looked and acted

there is something else, judge, which makes me suspect you may be quite correct about her not being an entire stranger here. She knows this house too well."

The judge started. The strength of his self-control had relaxed a bit, and he showed in the look he cast about him what it had cost him to enter these doors.

"It is not the same, of course," continued Mrs. Yardley, affected in a peculiar way by the glimpse she had caught of the other's emotion, unnatural and incomprehensible as it appeared to her. "The place has been greatly changed, but there is a certain portion of the old house left which only a person who knew it as it originally was would be apt to find; and yesterday, on going into one of these remote rooms I came upon her sitting in one of the windows looking out. How she got there or why she went I cannot tell you. She didn't choose to tell me, and I didn't ask. But I've not felt real easy about her since."

"Excuse me, Mrs. Yardley, it may be a matter of no moment, but do you mind telling me where this room is?" "It's on the top floor, sir; and it looks out over the ravine. Perhaps she was spying out the path to your house."

The judge's face hardened. He felt baffled and greatly disturbed; but he spoke kindly enough when he again addressed Mrs. Yardley:

"I am as ignorant as you of this woman's personality and of her reasons for intruding into my presence this morning. But there is something so peculiar about this presumptuous attempt of hers at an interview that I feel impelled to inquire into it more fully, even if I have to approach the only source of information capable of giving me what I want—that is, herself. Mrs. Yardley, will you procure me an immediate interview with this woman? I am sure that you can be relied upon to do this and to do it with caution. You have the countenance of a woman unusually discreet."

The subtle flattery did its work. She was not blind to the fact that he



"Have You No Idea Who This Mrs. Averill Is?"

had introduced it for that very purpose, but it was not in her nature to withstand any appeal from so exalted a source, however made. Lifting her eyes fearlessly to his, she responded earnestly:

"I am proud to serve you. I will see what I can do. Will you wait here?"

Judge Ostrander had just time to brace himself to meet the unknown when the door fell back and the woman of the morning appeared in the opening.

CHAPTER IV.

Unveiled. On the instant he recognized that no common interview lay before him. She was still the mysterious stranger, and she still wore her veil—a fact all the more impressive that it was no longer the accompaniment of a hat, but flung freely over her bare head. He frowned

From a captive white boy she learned how to kill a human being with a single stroke of a tomahawk. So one night she and the lad slew ten sleeping Indians, scalped them, and fled back through the wilderness to their home.

Hannah Dustin carried the ten scalps to the governor of Massachusetts, and she received \$250 for them. Just 50 years ago a statue was reared for her upon the island in the Merrimac river from which she had made her escape.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Excelsior. "You can never tell these days," remarked the man in the attaché, "where the uplift will bob up next. Every time there are several consecutive days of rain and gloomy weather I expect to find how a committee of earnest persons has got together and organized a Society for the Promotion of Higher Barometric Conditions."

Wives Remains Account To. A man who brags about having plain common sense is usually trying to apologize for being behind the times.

Dark Hollow
By Anna Katharine Green
Illustrations by C. D. Rhodes
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SYNOPSIS.
A curious crowd of neighbors invade the mysterious home of Judge Ostrander, usually judge and eccentric recluse, following a veiled woman who has gained entrance through the gates of the high double barriers surrounding the place. The woman has disappeared but the judge is found in a cataleptic state. Bela, his secret, appears in a dying condition and presents entrance to a secret door. Bela dies. The judge awakes. Miss Weeks explains to him what has occurred during his absence. He secretly discovers the whereabouts of the veiled woman. Leaving his guarded home at night, he goes through Dark Hollow to the Claymore Inn to visit her.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

Meanwhile Judge Ostrander was looking about him for Mrs. Yardley. The quiet figure of a squat little body blocked up a certain doorway.

"I am looking for Mrs. Yardley," he ventured.

The little figure turned; he was conscious of two very piercing eyes being raised to his, and heard in shaking accents, which yet were not the accents of weakness, the surprised ejaculations:

"Judge Ostrander!"

Next minute they were together in a small room, with the door shut behind them. The energy and decision of this mite of a woman were surprising.

"I was going to you—in the morning," she panted in her excitement. "To apologize," she respectfully finished.

"Then," said he, "it was your child who visited my house today?"

She nodded. Her large head was somewhat disproportioned to her short and stocky body. But her glance and manner were not unpleasant. There was a moment of silence which she hastened to break.

"Peggy is very young; it was not her fault. She is so young she doesn't know where she went. She was found loitering around the bridge—a dangerous place for a child, but we've been very busy all day—and she was found there and taken along by—the other person. I hope that you will excuse it, sir."

What he had to say came with a decided abruptness.

"Who is the woman, Mrs. Yardley? That's what I have come to learn, and not to complain of your child."

The answer struck him very strangely, though he saw nothing to lead him to distrust her candor.

"I don't know, Judge Ostrander. She calls herself Averill, but that doesn't make me sure of her. You wonder that I should keep a lodger about whom I have any doubts, but there are times when Mr. Yardley uses his own judgment, and this is one of the times. The woman pays well and promptly," she added in a lower tone.

"Her status? Is she maid, wife or widow?"

"Oh, she says she is a widow, and I see every reason to believe her."

A slight grimace in her manner, the smallest possible edge to her voice, led the judge to remark:

"Pretty?"

"Not like a girl, sir. She's old enough to show fade; but I don't believe that a man would mind that. She has a look—a way, that even women feel. You may judge, sir, if we, old stagers at the business, have been willing to take her in and keep her, at any price—a woman who won't show her face except to me, and who will not leave her room without her veil and then only for walks in places where no one else wants to go—she must have some queer sort of charm to overcome all scruples. But she's gone too far today. She shall leave the inn tomorrow. I promise you that, sir, whatever Samuel says. But sit down; sit down; you look tired, judge. Is there anything you would like? Shall I call Samuel?"

"No. I'm not much used to walking. Besides, I have had a great loss today. My man, Bela—" Then with his former abruptness: "Have you no idea who this Mrs. Averill is, or why she broke into my house?"

"There's but one explanation, sir. I've been thinking about it ever since I got wind of where she took my Peggy. The woman is not responsible. She has some sort of mania. Why else should she go into a strange gate just because she saw it open?"

"You speak of her as a stranger. Are you quite sure that she is a stranger to Shelby? You have not been so very many years here, and her constant wearing of a veil indoors and out is very suspicious."

"So I'm beginning to think. And

FIRST WOMAN TO GET STATUE

Monument Was Erected Fifty Years Ago to a Brave Colonial Dame.

Admiring friends of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson are planning a memorial. Somebody suggests that this take the form of a statue—the first statue of a woman to be reared in this country.

Only a few weeks after Nordica's death, it was said that a statue should be erected to the memory of that sweet singer. On that occasion it was also said that it would be the first statue to a woman in America.

But 217 years ago another American woman did something which not only deserved a statue, but got it. Eliza Follen was the first woman to be reared in this country.

Captured by Indians at Haverhill, dragged from bed, where her one-eyed baby was promptly murdered, this brave woman waited for days through snow and sleet many miles without shoes. She was destitute of everything except courage.